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AN
HEROIC EPISTLE,
FROM
Sir ROGER SUGAR-CANE, Knt. and Bart.
TO
Lady MARIA C—N—Y.

[[Price One Shilling.]]

HEROIC EPISTLE
FROM
ST. ROGER SUGAR-CANE, Knt. and Bart.



Lady MARI

Price One Shilling

A N
HEROIC EPISTLE,

F R O M

Sir Roger Sugar-Cane, Knt. and Bart.

T O /<

Lady M A R I A C—N—Y,

P R I E S T E S S E L E C T

I N T H E

C Y P R I A N T E M P L E.

I am the Man, (the Naso of my time)
Born on the *Humber*—fam'd for luscious rhyme :
I writ the first—Love bids me write again.
Away—ye cold, ye rigid, ye profane !
Begone !—lest I offend with genial joys :
Come, melting Maids ! and read—Come, longing Boys ! T.

I started back ;
It started back : but pleas'd I soon return'd ;
Pleas'd, it return'd as soon ; with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. MILTON.

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HEROIC EPISTLE

Sir Roger Bacon, Franciscan, and his

Lady M. A. R. I. A. C. Y. R.



Printed at the Stationers' Hall.

[A N]
HEROIC EPISTLE,
FROM
Sir ROGER SUGAR-CANE, Knt. and Bart.
TO
Lady M A R I A C — N — Y.

SALACIOUS Goddess ! at whose Shrine,

With Venus and her sportive train,

I've revell'd oft—sweet Nymph divine !

Attend a feeling Lover's strain !

A Lover you have oft carefs'd,

Like a sweet Child in infant years,

Who sported on your snowy breast—

You shar'd his ecstasies and tears !

B

What

What tho' the tempest rushes on,

Your Bark sha'n't founder on the strand:

Swift lay your lovely hand upon

This Pilot,—at your sole command!

He'll quickly gain a pleasant Port,

With all his *entries* duty-free,

Where Venus keeps her festive Court,

And Cupid crowns Felicity!

Our Mornings will be wing'd with joy,

Our Ev'nings blest with blisses sweet!

No hissing Prudes will there annoy,

Or push bright Pleasure from her seat.

Nor

Nor base Domestics—filthy Brutes !

Shall there disclose those nauseous Tales,
Which no brib'd Advocate refutes,
Tho' Virtue, icy Goddess, rails !

No clamb'ring upon gates, to peep
At Cupid's revels, there alarm ;
There you may frolic, kiss, or sleep,
And taste with Venus Cupid's *charm*.

Come, sweet Maria ! quit this shore,
This hated shore, where Scandal flies—
Escape the odious name of * * * * *,
And haste to more inviting skies !

When

Where Boys by dozens you will find,

Sweet smooth-chinn'd Boys, with Cherub faces ;

You'll never fail to suit your mind

With what you wish for your embraces !

These are my Children, every one ;

The *Master Sugar-Canes* are common,

I've often had a *Bastard Son*

With almost every other woman.

But these are pickt and chosen Boys,

Exotics full of fire and vigour !

Who can administer those joys

Sweet Venus uses with such rigour !

Boys

Boys such as your Adonis Spark !

Who gave you raptures like the blest !

Who mounted lively as a lark !

Then popp'd with glee into your Nest !

The Ladies all approve your taste ;

And sweet Perdita, with the rest,

Longs to enfold him round the waist,

And press him to her balmy breast !

'Tis sweet to see a British Wife

So deeply skill'd in Convent sports,

To taste with her the joys of life,

Those boundless joys that Vigour courts !

We

We read, a Messalinian crew

Danc'd the same round some years before :

And why should Hymen hinder you

From breaking thro' his maffy door ?

Locks, bolts, and bars, and marriage bands,

Are uselefs all to Souls of Fire !

When Love, celestial Love commands,

We fly with him we most desire !

A Footman oft-times fills the scene !

A Chamber-Groom ! a Giant Trooper !

And oft a Youth about eighteen,

As vigorous as Master C——r !

And

And he excell'd the human race,

If we may credit all the papers;

For he possess'd a Cherub's face,

And was divine in cutting Capers!

Not Capers for a leg of mutton,

For them you would not give a button;

But capers wing'd with sweet delight,

Like those he danc'd in Bath one night!

And so the pretty Boy was plac'd

For safety under your protection;

And ev'ry day he got a Feast,

A magic Feast, by your direction!

I've

I've heard some Dowagers declare,
 You should have giv'n this am'rous God,
 When he approach'd to taste such fare,
 A good smart whipping with a rod!

But perish such outrageous Frights,
 Who live in ignorance of bliss!
 Who're strangers to the sweet delights
 That crown a sympathetic kiss!

No *Sugar-Cane*, nor all his sweets,
 The poor deserted *Tabbies* taste;
 He ever flies their icy sheets,
 To revel at a youthful Feast!

A Feast

A Feast prepar'd by Love and You,

Where Nature opens all her charms!

And courts the Youth of rosy hue

To sport within your snowy arms!

Too lovely Woman! who could view

Those eyes, and that sweet breast of snow!

Those Lips distilling balmy dew!

And that delicious Fount below!

That magic Fount, where Cupid laves,

Excelling all the Founts that flow;

Not Aganippe's tepid waves

E'er put her Bards in such a glow.

Who these could view, and not adore?
 They'd shake a Pontif's holy vow,
 And make him burst your chamber-door,
 Like a young Bull to kiss a Cow!

Nay, there is not a Monk in France,
 (And they are all Mr Brawns, we read)
 But would prefer you in the Dance,
 That Dance that is their fav'rite Creed!

No Nun, howe'er ingenious found,
 At Cupid's many wanton sports,
 Will ever shine so much renown'd
 For those sweet frolicks Pleasure courts!

Your

Your *happy thought* about the Ring

Is by the Ladies so admir'd,

They all declare, 'twas quite the thing!—

They've laugh'd at it till they are tir'd!

Methinks I see you, lovely Fair!

Your Weeping Husband's Finger deck,

With all Jack Ketch's tender care,

While haltering a Felon's neck!

Another Wife would sob and cry,

And sink in swoonings by the dozen;

But you ne'er moisten'd *either eye,*

No more than when you kist your Cousin!

Such Heroism's so uncommon,

That it deserves unbounded praise!

You merit all the charms of woman,

And you from all have got the bays!

And all the gay Gallants in Town

In full assembly vote their thanks;

They swear that you deserve a Crown,

For such divine, bewitching Pranks!

Come, sweet Maria! Cupid's sail

Is now unfurl'd,—the breeze invites,—

It bodes a brisk, propitious gale,

Let's hasten to sublime delights!

Impatient

Impatient on the Cyprian shore,

Methinks I see a blooming Band,

That Beauty's Votaries adore,

Enraptur'd to behold you land!

And Love's bright banners all display'd,

While Mufic fills the balmy air!

And Lovers sporting in each shade,

With Goddeffes not half so fair.

There many a British Fair you'll find,

Who've spurn'd the Hymeneal Chain!

Thofe Blazing Stars of womankind,

Who've flown from Vigour in the wane!

Souls

Souls made of fire! in prime of life

To Impotency's arms consign'd,

Who gain'd the hated name of Wife,

And all those pangs that rack the mind !

There you shall count 'em by the score,

All debonnair, and full of glee!

Regardless of the name of Whore,

Or all the brands of infamy.

There G——v——r, Pleasure's rosy Queen,

Still wears her captivating charms!

And each succeeding day she's seen

With some new Lover in her arms!

There

There W—rf—y sports, with bosom bare,

Inviting hundreds to her Bow'r !

To which with rapture they repair,

At least a dozen ev'ry hour !

And wanton W——ms, full of fire,

There frolicks with her jolly Tar !

This Youth the Ladies all admire ;

They call him Cypria's Man of War !

Come, then, sweet Object of my Heart !

Here, take your Pilot by the hand ;

Swift let us from this shore depart,

And hail, with joy, the Cyprian land !

While

While he's on board, my Love, you'll find

Your passage will be wing'd with bliss!

You'll find him loveliest of mankind,

And crown his labours with a kiss!

F I N I S.



